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passes over in silence the tragical end of the barbarous and infamous Jefferies, who had distinguished himself against Lord Russel on his trial.

It appears from several of her letters, that Lady Russel experienced uneasiness, some years after the death of her husband, from dimness and weakness in her sight. From this complaint she was relieved by an operation, in June 1694. Archbishop Tillotson, writing to Dr. Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, on the 28th of June, informs him, "that the eyes of Lady Russel had been

couched, the preceding morning, with good success." From this time till her death, she enjoyed her sight without impediment, and was accustomed, at a very advanced period of life, to write without spectacles. The apprehension of the loss of sight, that invaluable blessing, was sustained by Lady Russel with her wonted courage and resolution. The first persons of the age, both in rank and literature, did honour to themselves by their respect and friendship towards this, amiable, illustrious, and heroic woman.

DETACHED ANECDOTES.

CIVIL RIGHTS NOT DEPENDENT ON RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

EXTRACT from an act for establishing religious freedom, passed in the Assembly of Virginia:—

"That our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, more than our opinions in physic or geometry; that, therefore, the proscribing any citizen as unworthy of public confidence, by laying upon him an incapacity of being called to offices of trust and emolument, unless he possess or renounce this or that religious opinion, is depriving him injuriously of those privileges and advantages to which, in common with his fellow citizens, he has a natural right."

THE HONOUR OF NEGLECT IN BAD TIMES.

It was a prudent and elegant reply of the virtuous Cato, to an observation of his friend, who seemed surprised, that amidst the numerous statutes with which Rome abounded, there was none erected to that firm and intrepid patriot:—

"I would rather," says he, "that

people should be inquiring, why there was none erected, than why any."

M.

SYMPATHETIC POWDER.

To the effects of the Sympathetic powder, blazoned by Sir Kenelm Digby, unquestionably among the first philosophers of his time, Surgeons are indebted for one of the chief improvements of their art, healing wounds, by what is technically called the first intention. The powder was applied to the weapon by which the wound had been inflicted, covered with salve, and regularly dressed two or three times a day. The wound, meantime, was directed to be brought together, and carefully bound up with clean linen rags, and let alone for seven days. At the end of that period, the bandages were removed, and, to the glory of Sir Kenelm, and the astonishment of the Surgeons and bystanders, the wound was, in a great majority of instances, found perfectly united; and the cure was, with due solemnity, attributed to

the powder and plasters which had, *secundum artem*, been daily applied to the innocent sword or dagger.

(*Dr. Buchan's Opinions concerning Life and Health.*)

FORCE OF HABIT.

So much were the Kingswood colliers addicted to cursing and swearing in their ordinary conversation, that, even after their conversion to Methodism, when they had just returned from a religious meeting, they would sometimes exclaim, that they had "had a d——d sweet season!" (*Nightingale's Portraiture of Methodism.*)

HERESY.

"I am certain," says Jeremy Taylor, in the admirable epistle dedicatory to his *Liberty of Prophecying*, "that a drunkard is as contrary to God, and lives as contrary to the laws of christianity, as a heretic; and I am also sure, that I know what drunkenness is; but I am not sure, that such an opinion is heresy; neither would other men be so sure as they think for, if they considered it aright, and observed the infinite deceptions, and causes of deceptions, in wise men."

VACCINATION.

The salutary advantages of Vaccination are clearly shewn in the following calculation:—

Natural small pox, 10,000 cases give 1000 deaths, or 1 in 10; inoculated ditto, 10,000 cases give 20 deaths, or 1 in 500; vaccination, 10,000 cases gives 10 failures, or 1 in 1000, and no deaths. Whence it appears, that where there are 10 failures of vaccination there are 20 deaths from small-pox inoculation, not to mention the incalculable numbers destroyed by spreading the small-pox contagion.

MISCALCULATION OF DESPOTISM.

It is a very extraordinary circumstance, that immediately preceding the civil wars in England, Crem-

well, Pym, Hamden, and some of the other popular parliamentary leaders, had taken their passage, and had actually embarked for America. This step was taken in consequence of the unrestrained tyranny which was exercised at that period, and under which they had long groaned. Government thought fit, however, to interpose in this affair; and they were all re-landed, and detained in England, by an express order of Council. Charles, and his advisers, it seems, dreaded the settlement of so disaffected a colony; they had abundant reason afterwards, however, to regret the exercise of this despotic arbitrary measure.

M.

AVOID EVIL.

It is recorded as a saying of the famous painter Sir Peter Lely, that he uniformly made it a rule, never to look at a bad picture, because he found by experience, that his pencil always took a taint from it.—Apply this to bad books, and bad company.

M.

DREAMING.

Sir William Johnson was the British General-Superintendent or Agent for Indian affairs. Having married an Indian wife, he acquired an influence among the *Six Nations* which no other European ever possessed. He built a large house or castle on the Mohawk river, to which they had free access. They were there liberally entertained, and they requited his kindness by the grant of large fertile tracts of land, now of very great value. Sir William had long cast a wishful eye on a fine island, the residence of a principal chief, who had steadily resisted his solicitations, until the following incident put him in possession of it. While the Indians were assembling at the castle, in order to attend a

treaty, the agent exposed to this chief some rich suits of clothes, just received from New-York, for himself: among them was one richly faced, to which the Sachem taking a strong fancy, he told Sir William, he had seen that very suit in a dream, in which the agent also insisted on giving it to him. "Did you really dream so?" said Sir William. "I really did," replied John, "and that you swore I should wear it at the treaty." After a short comment on the importance of at-

tending to dreams, Sir William acquiesced; but, before the conclusion of the treaty, took his turn at dreaming, and declared, that in his dream, the chief had peremptorily insisted on his accepting of the island in question. "And are you quite sure you dreamed so?" asked the latter; and, being answered by a strong affirmative, added, "Well then, you must have it. But let you, Sir William and I agree *never to dream any more.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

THE old Ballad "False Lambkin" was one of the favourites of my childhood; the more so, perhaps, as I never could obtain the whole of it connectedly, and, from this circumstance, an air of mystery might have made it more interesting.

The apprehensions of the Lord of the castle, for the safety, in his absence, of his Lady; of whom, tradition says, Lambkin was a discarded lover; her confidence in the security of the castle; the baseness and cruelty of the nurse, heightened by Lambkin's unwillingness to murder the child; the lustre of the lady's mantle, of power to illumine the darkness of the night; the silver basin which was to receive her blood; the return of the father to his surviving child, and her description of the bloody scene. These united ideas of magnificence, compassion, and horror, forcibly struck my infantile imagination, and left an impression not to be obliterated by improved taste, and ripened judgment, which might be expected to reject the wild story, and the miserable verses which relate it.

Not having been able to trace this tale amongst the preserved reliques of ancient poetry, I have been induced to attempt to string the incidents together, though, perhaps, in lines little better than the original.

MIRA.

FALSE LAMBKIN.

O, WHY does the Baron still linger here,
So sadly beside his Ladye gay,
While his red-roan charger champs the bit,
And seems in haste to speed away?

And why falls the tear down his manly
cheek,
As fast as the dew-drop falls on the rose,
And why does his bosom heave and swell,
Like the stormy sea when she ebbs and
flows?

In vain his Ladye looks up with a smile,
And with her lily hand dries the tear;
The Baron is brave, and the Baron is
strong,
And why should his noble heart know
fear?

But what does it 'vail' that he's brave and
he's strong,
When he cannot his Lady-love defend?
For his Sovereign Liege has called him
away,
And his Sovereign's will he must attend.

Rocky and wild the mountain frowns,
His castle lies in the valley below,
And dark and drear is the pathless wood
Which stretches along the mountain's
brow.

The castle gates are strong and well barr'd,
No open foe the castle can win;